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Title: TheThird Age of The Dreaming III

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Valdyr was suddenly  
jerked out of the gaze  
he had been holding  
with the mysterious  
elf when he realized  
that there were four  
people approaching  
from other sides,  
comming out of the  
forest. He advanced  
towards the elf,  
pretending that he did  
not hear the people  
approaching in the  
woods.

"Why have you  
stopped me, elf?"  
demanded Valdyr.

"You, stranger, have  
started to concern my  
Master, Ari. He says  
that the magi have  
prophesized about  
you. He says that you  
must be destroyed."

As the elf was  
talking, Erurie came  
to, but she knew that  
it must remain a  
secret, even from  
Valdyr. Valdyr went  
quickly over to the  
clearing's edge, set  
Erurie down and drew  
his broadsword. He  
knew this man was  
honorable by the way  
he acted. He would not  
kill innocents, quite  
unlike his Master.

He stepped into the  
clearing and the men  
in the bushes jumped  
out. The odds where  
now five to one. He  
charged at the man on  
his left. The man  
sidestepped. The men

began to encircle  
Valdyr, using a  
heavily wooded area to  
help them. Valdyr  
then noticed that  
Erurie was up and  
that she was casting a  
spell, and thus  
determined that he  
must hold their  
attention for as long as  
he could. He thrust and  
parried, and  
basically was a  
general nuisance.  
She stood, the energy  
gathered, her hair  
was in a swirl above  
her head. One of the  
thugs looked back, and  
saw that the  
unconscious girl was  
no longer unconscious  
and she was casting a  
spell. He opened up  
his mouth to alert the  
leader, but a dragon  
came down from upon  
him, and swept and  
two others, to never be  
seen again.  
Erurie collapsed from  
the sheer mental  
drain had put on her.  
Valdyr knew that he  
was alone for the  
duration of this battle.  
He played the  
defensive, blocking  
blows, parrying,  
getting a short thrust  
in here and there. He  
knew that they would  
eventually tire him  
out, then he would be  
theirs. He slipped to  
the left and swung  
his broadsword at the  
only ambusher left  
besides the captain.  
The sword found its  
mark and bit deep into  
the man's side causing  
a scream of pain from  
the man. He continued  
to stay up, but it would  
not be long before he  
passed out due to lack

of blood.

While Valdyr was  
making his desperate  
attempt to rid himself  
of one of the  
attackers, the big elf  
took advantage of his  
open side and swung.